

Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, MISSOURI.

BAGGING A BEAR.

A Plucky Woman's Capture of a Wounded Grizzly.

On my arrival at Durango, Col., the first man I met whom I knew was my old friend Capt. Ned Richmond, dressed in fringed buckskin from top to toe. Ned had been hunting large game for a living for the last twenty years, and no one knows the haunts of bear, mountain lion, elk, moose and deer better than he.

After our first greeting was over Ned remarked: "I am glad you came in at this particular time, as I have a large bear located about eighteen miles north of here, and I have set two traps for him at springs where there are fresh signs of his watering. I think the chances are good for finding him in one of the traps in the morning, and if you will go out with me early and take your camera with you I think I can safely promise you a real live bear to photograph."

Now, of all the things I have most desired one was the opportunity to photograph a live bear in his element, and I eagerly accepted Ned's invitation to accompany him to his camp in the morning. Agreeable to his promise, the giant rode up to the hotel at an early hour, leading an extra pony for me to ride. I was soon in the saddle with my camera and Winchester safely strapped on. We were joined by Ned's wife, who has accompanied him on many a bear hunt and is an unerring rifle shot, as will be proven further on.

We arrived at Ned's camp about noon, and after a light lunch mounted our ponies and rode up the mountain side through thickets of oak brush to where the traps were set. The first we visited had not been molested and we changed our course to visit the other. We had gone but a short distance when "Old Spot," the hound, gave tongue, followed closely by the sharp, quick yelps of his side partner "Chub," the shepherd dog.

Ned turned to his wife and said: "Nell, you had better stay here for an hour, and if we don't come back in that time you had best ride to camp." Turning to me he said: "Those dogs have jumped a bear and we must follow them quick; come on," at the same time turning his head and looking back over his shoulder at the quaking aspens, timber and up the steep mountain side. I followed closely until Ned came to a halt and dismounted, saying: "We will have to leave the horses and follow on foot; the ponies can't climb this mountain as fast as we can."

With rifle in hand we followed the dogs, which turned to the right and took up a "draw" leading to the top of the mountain, which in places appeared to be almost perpendicular. To the right of the draw was a cliff of rocks, beneath which was a "rock slide," caused by the breaking off of the cliff, which had slid down the mountain side with such force that it swept everything with it to the bottom, leaving a broad path devoid of tree or bush its entire length.

Ned soon left me far in the rear, as he was used to climbing the mountains, and his light, muscular body had no superfluous flesh, while my two hundred pounds of average build taxed my unhardened muscles to severely to keep up. He was fifty yards in advance, when I saw him suddenly stop, raise his rifle to his shoulder, and fire. Glancing quickly in the direction his gun was pointed I saw far up on the top of the cliff above the rock slide a large bear running toward the heavy pine timber beyond. As soon as the report of Ned's rifle rang out the bear fell and rolled off the cliff and came tumbling down the steep rock slide to the bottom, where he was hidden from view, having fallen some distance below and to our right.

Ned rushed down to where I was, crying as he came: "The bear is not killed, it is only wounded; and, my God, he is going straight to where Nell is waiting for us. We must get more lead into him before he gets there."

He dashed toward the mountain side at a furious rate, I following as rapidly as possible, but not being so well used to that kind of exercise it was impossible for me to keep pace with the nimble, muscular hunter, who was putting forth every effort in his power to overtake the wounded bear, or head him off before he should reach the Little Vee, where Nell was waiting, unconscious of the danger so fearfully near.

A wounded bear is a vicious brute and has been known to kill the unfortunate hunter after receiving a death wound. Stories of wounded bears killing the hunter came vividly to my mind as I followed the bear to follow Ned and render such assistance as I might be able to do, when directly came the sharp report of a rifle directly ahead of us. We knew it was Nell's rifle, and the blood seemed to stop coursing through my veins as we rushed through the quaking aspens to follow the Little Vee. Fully expecting to see a ghastly sight, which my overwrought imagination had pictured, I came up a-trembling, but instead there stood Nell leaning upon the muzzle of her rifle and beside her lay the dead body of the bear, pierced through the brain by her bullet. Ned explained that as soon as she heard Ned's rifle she saw the bear tumble down the rock slide directly toward where she was standing, and thinking perhaps he was not killed she made ready to give him a warm reception. As soon as the bear reached the bottom he gathered himself up in a bewildered sort of a way not more than twenty paces from where she stood and in plain view. The plucky woman raised her rifle, taking a quick but accurate aim at his head, and pulled the trigger, sending the leaden messenger crashing through the brain.

While skinning the bear we found that Ned's bullet had entered and passed through the neck just forward of the fore shoulders—a serious but not fatal wound. We returned to camp that night feeling thankful that no accident had happened to our little party.—Chicago Times.

At the End of the String.

School-Teacher—Tommy Wilkins, what is a bob?

Tommy W.—Anything that plays loosely at the end of a string.

Teacher—Correct. Now give me a sentence using the word in that sense.

Tommy W.—My sister Nellie has a bean-jammed Bob.—Judge.



THE ROYALIST

BY WILLIAM WESTALL.

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CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

"Anyhow, the people out there talk Arabic—at least a good many of them do. They are Mohammedans, and Arabic is the language of the Koran."

"Of course, it is. Everybody knows that; and, as I said just now, you will be immensely useful. I suppose you would like to join the expedition?"

"There is nothing I should like better."

"Well, I will speak to the board, and you shall hear from me in a few days. Make good use of your run ashore—I don't think it will be long—and remember me kindly to your father. Good day."

Whereupon I bowed myself out, greatly elated with my good fortune, and feeling that I had once more fallen on my feet. My involuntary voyage in the Mercia had not been lost time, after all. I only hoped that it would not occur to the under secretary to have my supposed proficiency in Arabic put to the test.

My knock was answered by a disheveled maid with a dirty face, to whom I handed my card with a request that she would present it to Mme. de Gex and say that I waited her pleasure.

The maid tossed the hair from her eyes, gave me a good stare, rubbed her nose with the back of her hand, and then, muttering: "Wait a minute," ran upstairs.

Retaining presently, she said it was "all right," and took me to a room on the second floor, the door of which she opened, then sheered off without another word.

The room, though scantily furnished, looked much better than the general appearance of the house had led me to expect. There were flowers on the window-sill, and books on the table, and the curtains were pretty and disposed with taste. I found myself in the presence of two ladies, one of whom seemed to have been working at an embroidery-frame, the other painting. I bowed, Mme. de Gex invited me to be seated, and then the two women,

"Mr. Roy," said the elder lady, looking at my card. "Is it possible that you are the English gentleman who so nobly tried to save my dear son, and stood by him to the last?"

"I did my best, madame, but, as you have no doubt heard, I failed in my endeavor. He refused to accept his life at the price of what he deemed dishonor, and died like a soldier and a gentleman."

"And, I trust, as a Christian."

"Also as a Christian, madame. And he charged me to give you this letter. I am sorry that it has been so long delayed, but the fault is not mine."

"A letter? Oh, Antoinette, he brings a letter from Henri! We thank you, sir, and might we—will you excuse us if we ask you to wait a little moment while we read my poor son's last letter?"

I bowed, Mme. de Gex invited me to be seated, and then the two women,

drawing near to each other, read the letter together silently and with many tears.

Mme. de Gex was tall and of stately carriage, with white hair and a sad yet noble and benign face. But how shall I describe Antoinette? Like her mother in height, she was unlike her in features. Mme. de Gex had been a brunette; Antoinette was a blonde, with an oval face and features as clearly cut as those of a Greek statue. Her cheeks, though somewhat faded by London air and continual work, had not lost their peach-like bloom; her eyes were large, brown, and faithful; her shapely head was adorned with thick masses of chestnut hair. And the witchery of her smile, the sweetness of her voice, and



I SAW THEM BACK.

This had gone on for nearly a month, and I was more in love than ever, when one morning I received a note from the under secretary requesting me to call at the admiralty the following afternoon.

I obeyed the summons, though not without misgivings. I feared that it might portend separation from An-

toinette, and I had been so much taken up with her that I had forgotten all about the possible examination and had never once opened my Arabic grammar.

Neither did my uneasiness grow less when the under secretary, who was engaged two or three days, told me that Admiral Jones would like to see me, and bade one of the attendants to take me to his room.

I had met my fate.

"My son speaks very highly of you, Mr. Roy," said Mme. de Gex, in a voice broken with emotion, when she had finished the letter. "He says that if you had been his own brother you could not have shown more loyalty and devotion. His mother thanks you—thanks you with all her heart."

"And his sister, she too thanks you with all her heart, Mr. Roy," murmured Antoinette, looking at me with her glorious eyes bright with tears.

"He was a man of noble nature, mademoiselle; he would have done as much for you."

"I am sure he would; he was the best and kindest of brothers; and it cuts me to the heart to think that it was for our sakes that he risked and lost his life. But we did not want him to go; did we, mother?"

"Indeed we did not, ma fille cherie. But he could not bear to see us straitened, and so went to Gex to recover that treasure you know of much against my wish. You see, we have done without it, and shall, I fear, have to do without it to the end."

"No, madame," I said, "you will not have to do without it to the end. I have made up my mind to recover that treasure for you, and I shall."

"For heaven's sake, Mr. Roy, don't think of anything so reckless and impossible. Surely one victim is enough. It would be a folly, a madness. Besides, how could you, officer of the British navy, go to France?"

"You need be under no apprehension, madame. I mean to succeed; therefore I shall do nothing reckless. And being, as you observe, an officer in the British navy, I shall have to defer the attempt until the conclusion of the war. And that cannot be long. The French are losing all their conquests. Nelson has destroyed their fleet, the tricolor has been well-nigh swept from the seas, and Bonaparte, the only man who could save the republic, is in Egypt, without the means of getting away. A few more reverses, and the republic may fall, and then the king will have his own again."

"I am glad to see you are a royalist, Mr. Roy," said Antoinette, smiling approval.

"How could a man of my name be anything else, mademoiselle? The Roys have been royalists for ages, and my experience in France has not predisposed me in favor of republics."

This allusion led the conversation to Henri de Gex, and I had to tell and retell all that had befallen him and me during our too brief intercourse; for, though his mother and sister had, as I surmised, heard of his death and that an English fellow-prisoner had made a strenuous effort to save his life, they had still much to learn.

And, being quite willing to stay as long as I might, I answered all these questions as calmly and, when they had no more to ask, gave an account,

"The Thousand and One Nights."

"Humph! You seem to read well enough. And now take this sheet of paper, and write down in Arabic: 'The man who makes an appointment and does not keep it is a damned son of a gun, and it would serve Poggi right to give him a round dozen for his want of punctuality.'"

I could no more write this extraordinary sentence in Arabic than in Irish, but I had fortunately learned the Arabic alphabet, so I took a pen and wrote every letter of it, finishing up with a few hieroglyphics of my own invention.

"You will do," said the admiral, almost respectfully, as he glanced with puzzled eyes at the paper. "You can read at sight and write to dictation. Damme if I thought you were half as clever. Do you know any other languages?"

"I know French almost as well as English, and some Hindustani."

"The devil you do! Gad! I wish I did! Well, you are promoted to command, and will commission the Kangaroo, six-gun brig. She is ready for sea, and you must report yourself at Portsmouth and hold your pennant not later than next Thursday."

Here the door opened and an attendant announced Dr. Poggi, a little man with a Jewish cast of countenance, who came bowing and scraping into the room.

"You are too late, doctor. I have examined the gentleman as to his eyesight. I beg your pardon, admiral. I am very sorry. I took a wrong turn and missed my way, and did not discover my mistake till—"

"You should not take a wrong turn. You should not miss your way. When a man makes an appointment he ought to keep it. Your fee was to be two guineas. You have not earned it, and you won't get it. Here are your books. Good day, sir. You will receive official notification of your appointment, Mr. Roy. Thursday morning, remember."

"I shall not forget it, sir."

And then, my surprise, the admiral offered me his hand, which I respectfully shook.

Hurrying after the discomfited teacher of languages, I overtook him in the street. "You have done me a greater service than you are aware of. Let me be your paymaster," I said, putting into his hand a couple of guineas.

A stare of blank surprise was quickly followed by a look of keen intelligence; then, with a muttered "Thank you," he dropped the money into his pocket and shuffled off.

It was more than in my wildest dreams I had dared to hope for. From many interviews with the admiral, an expedition in which there would doubtless be hard fighting, chances of prize-money and further advancement! And to think that I owed it all to a bit of Arabic learned from an old missionary, and the failure of that shambling Italian!

Even the necessity of leaving Antoinette did not seem much of a drawback. If I returned a post-captain (as of course I should), I would marry her at first and look for the treasure afterwards. Having come to this resolution, I hid me to Fleur-de-Lys court to say good-bye. As I should have to start for Portsmouth early next morning, and my preparations were still to make, I had no time to lose.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Ought to Have a Pension.

"What ground has Dumley for asking for a pension?"

"He fell out of a second-story window while reading a war-story and broke a leg."—Judge.

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Ought to Have a Pension.

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HE WOULDN'T EAT BUTTER.

It Was the Landlord's Only Luxury, but the Drummer Refused It.

Hotel keepin' pay?"

"Well, yes, sorter. Heap er trouble 'tached to it though."

"Drummers petickles?"

"Yes, dom 'em, they be."

The landlord of the Southern hotel hit viciously into a twist of homespun tobacco.

"No, they don't kick 'bout the price, but ther' always a-wantin' somethin' extra though. Now, that chap er come in on the ten-thirty last night kicked cos he couldn't get a room to himself with a stove in it. Said the fire in the fireplace burned his shins while his back was freedin'."

"Kicked cos the winder wouldn't shet tight, hadder have a clean towel and said he'd be burned if he was gwine to use soft soap. Then he raised Cain cos ther' want split fire clean piller slips and sheets on the bed."

"He kept me en Sam on the trot for an hour, en then couldn't satisfy him. He jest sat in a chair and cuss like a pirut."

"This mornin' he kin drow to break-fast lookin' like he'd tuck a dose of perissmious afore the frost teched em, en tunk he's set."

"The fust thing he ast fer was a napkin. I tole him we was jest out of napkins, but jes make hisself ter home an' wipe his mouth on the table cloth."

"Sam tuck a fresh napkin, cos he said, 'Cup er koker, please; I can't drink coffee,' says he, sorter snappin' his teeth."

"Termoster our koker day," says I. "Try some poke en co'n bread; it's powerful good these cold mornins'."

"Thanks," says he, but he didn't tuck 'em."

"Let me have a couple er rolls en a cup er tea," says he ter Sam.

"Sassafoak tea or sto' tea," says Sam.

"Sto' tea."

"Black or green?"

"He'll wher do," says he.

"Haint got enny," says Sam.

"Gimme the other kind, then," says he.

"Haint got enny of that either, boss."

"Well, the rolls en a glass er water."

"The's biskit, sah, better'n rolls," says Sam.

"Well, the blamed fool groaned jest for all the worl' like he was a gettin' religion."

"Then he tuck a biskit, en plintin' ter the butter, says:

"Pass me the smerease, please."

"Sam had ter explain ter him that 'twas butter, fresh country butter. Then he wouldn't have it."

"I was ther mad ther if it hadn't bin fer fear I'd hurt the reptation of the house, I'd a tuck an' frailed him right ther."

"Whad I charge him?"

"Dollars quarant fer bed an' breakfast." And with a sigh for man's inhumanity to man the landlord arose from his split-bottomed chair and sauntered to the depot to meet the noon train.—N. Y. Herald.

THE PHONOPHORE.

The Sending of Simultaneous Messages on One Wire.

Which is usually transmitting a long message can at the same time be made to convey half a dozen other messages in opposite directions sounds like a fairy tale, but that the thing has been done and is daily being done is attested upon the most respectable authority.

The discovery which renders this astonishing result possible is due to C. Langdon-Davies, who has for some years been engaged in rendering it practically workable and in adapting it alike to telephonic and telegraphic use.

It is difficult to convey to the lay mind an accurate comprehension of a process so exceedingly technical; but it may briefly be said that Langdon-Davies in the "phonophore" utilizes not the electric current but the noise caused by induction. The signals are transmitted by a series of induced electric impulses, and the success of the system is found in the ability of the inductive force to pass through insulations which electric currents can not penetrate. A wire may be blown down and in contact with the earth, yet so long as it is not broken it will carry a phonophoric message.

By means of the phonophore messages can be transmitted with extraordinary rapidity, and there is practically no limit to the number of messages that can be sent simultaneously upon the same wire. And, as we hinted, Mr. Langdon-Davies' system is as useful telephonically as it is telegraphically.

For some considerable time past experiments in both directions have been proceeding with most gratifying results, which are vouched for by such high authorities as Prof. Sylvanus Thompson, Conrad Cooke and Latimer Clark. Three of the principal railway companies have already adopted the phonophore, and it must be obvious, even to the unscientific mind, that phonophoric telegraphy and telephony, which so vastly increased the electrician's power over the wires, has before it a very great future.

The phonophore, indeed, increases almost to infinity the number of words that can be transmitted in a given time. It is obvious, therefore, that it opens great possibilities in the way of cheapening the cost of telegrams. So long as the number of words that could be carried by a wire in an hour was rigidly limited it was hopeless to look for any substantial reduction in the cost of telegraphing, but the phonophore at once increases the capacity and speed of every wire to which it may be fitted.

Price He Paid for Fence.

Husband (impatiently)—Is it possible, my dear, that you can not keep the children quiet for a moment?

Wife (soothingly)—Now, John, don't be harsh with the poor little innocent things; it is natural for them to be full of spirits, and they're doing the best they can.

Husband—Well, if I could have a moment's peace I would sit down and write that check you've been bothering me for.

Wife (sternly)—Children, upstairs at once! If I hear another word from you to-night I'll punish you severely.

—Judge.

THE TAX PROBLEM.

Difficulty of Devising Laws to Suit Everybody.

Representative Buffalo Business Men Interested.

A Worker in Buffalo.

The idea seems to be gaining ground that the defects and inequalities that exist in the present tax laws of the state of New York are mar of serious import. The operation of a law providing for the taxation of corporations has driven many New York manufacturers out of the state, some of which have transferred their business to the state of New Jersey. Many of the more recent New York corporations have incorporated under the more friendly laws of Pennsylvania, Virginia, West Virginia and other states. Under a resolution of the last legislature Senators McClelland, Ahearn and Coggeshall and Assemblymen Quigley, Guenther, Cassin, Stranahan and Gifford were appointed a commission to examine into the present tax laws and report to the next legislature either proposed new laws or modifications of existing statutes to equalize the burdens of taxation.

Under the laws of 1892, Hon. J. Newton Fiero, president of the state bar association, and Prof. Charles A. Collins, of Cornell university law school were appointed counsel to investigate the tax laws of this and other states and report to the next legislature with recommendations for the improvement of the tax laws. They have been busily engaged in their work during the session season. The commission will be as soon as election is over and propositions for the remedy of existing tax laws will be submitted. The commission will give hearings on various propositions before drafting the bills. All this is the result of the work of the New York Tax Reform association.

It may appear somewhat strange that Mr. George, the famous writer and advocate of a single tax on land values, has received and accepted an invitation from the National Real Estate association, to deliver an address before the second congress of the body in Music Hall, October 5. Mr. George will certainly run counter to ideas which can not be expected to give way upon one assault.

Few people have time or opportunity to keep track of the "tax reform" bills in accordance with the following principles:

1. This county should bear its fair burden of the taxes, and should collect them whichever way it thinks best.

2. Stocks of merchandise, household furniture, money owing or used in business, should not be